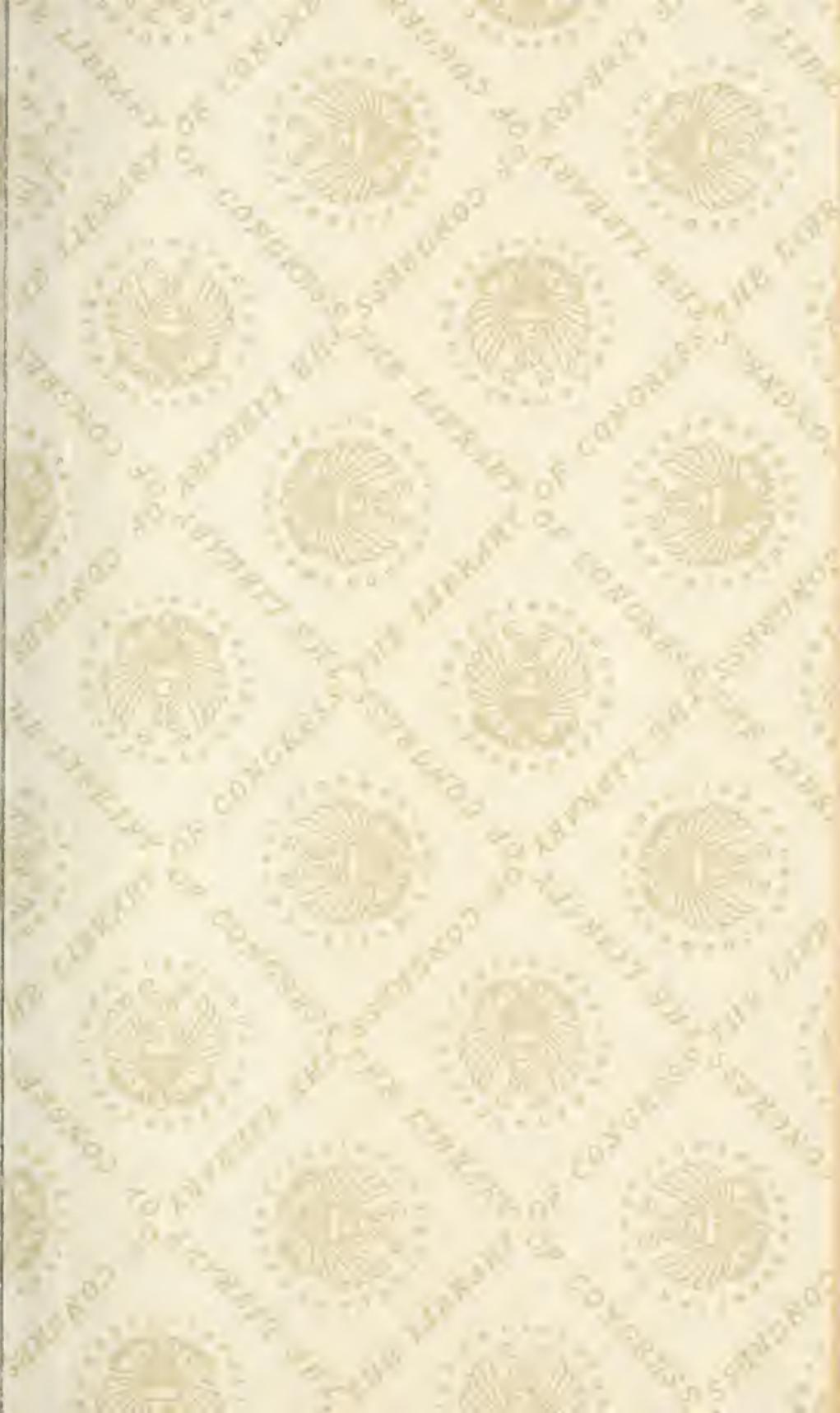


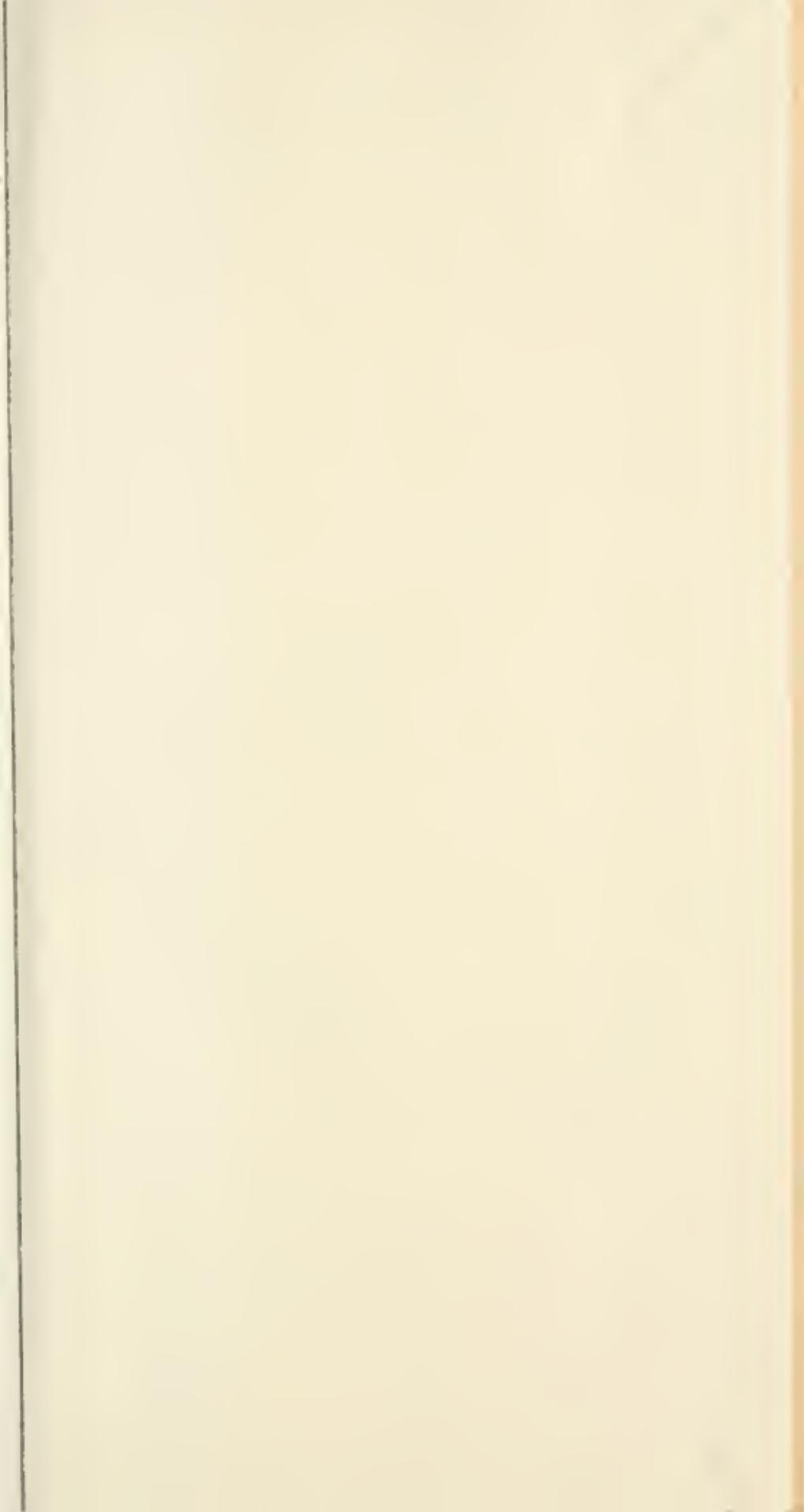
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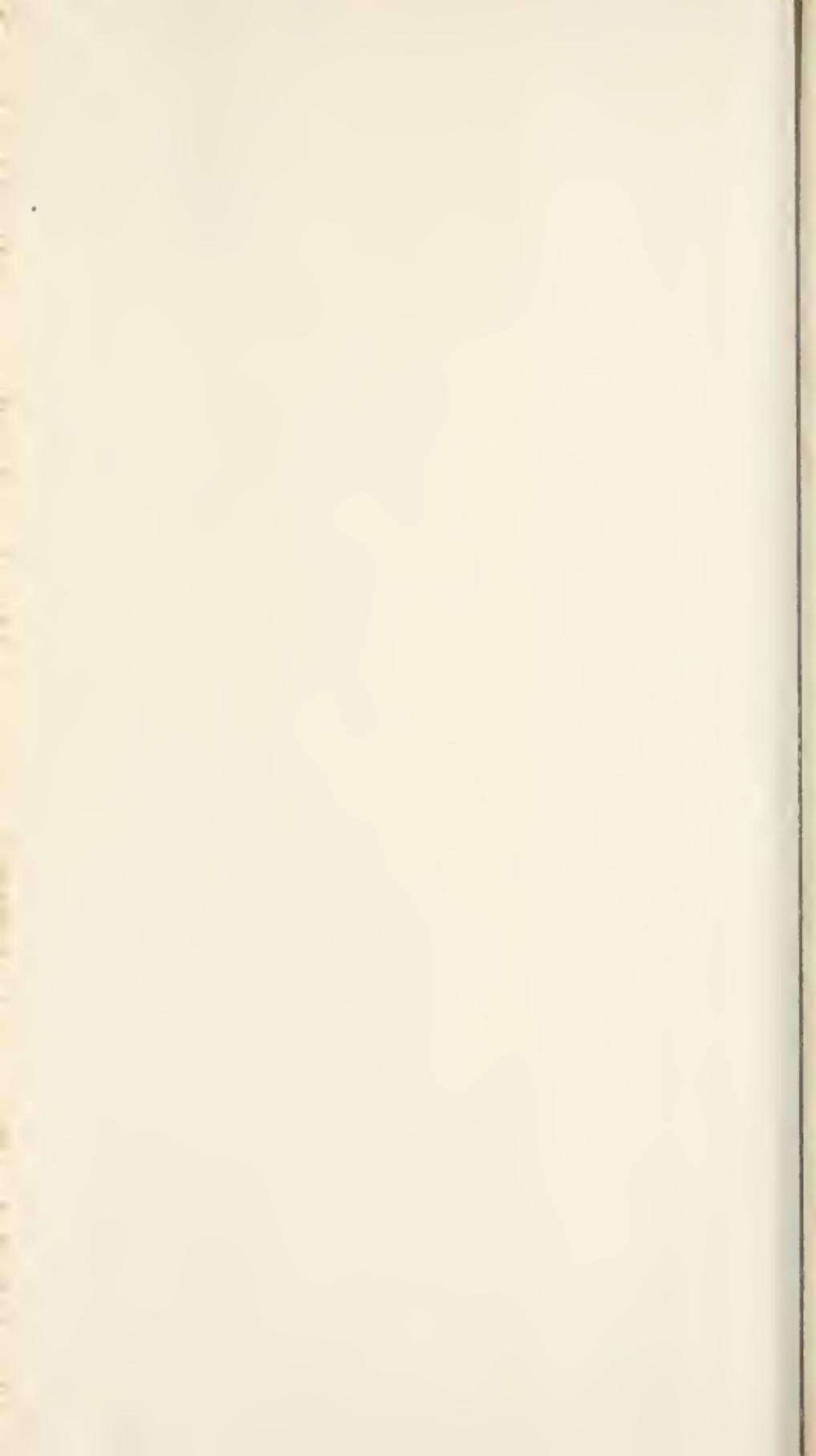
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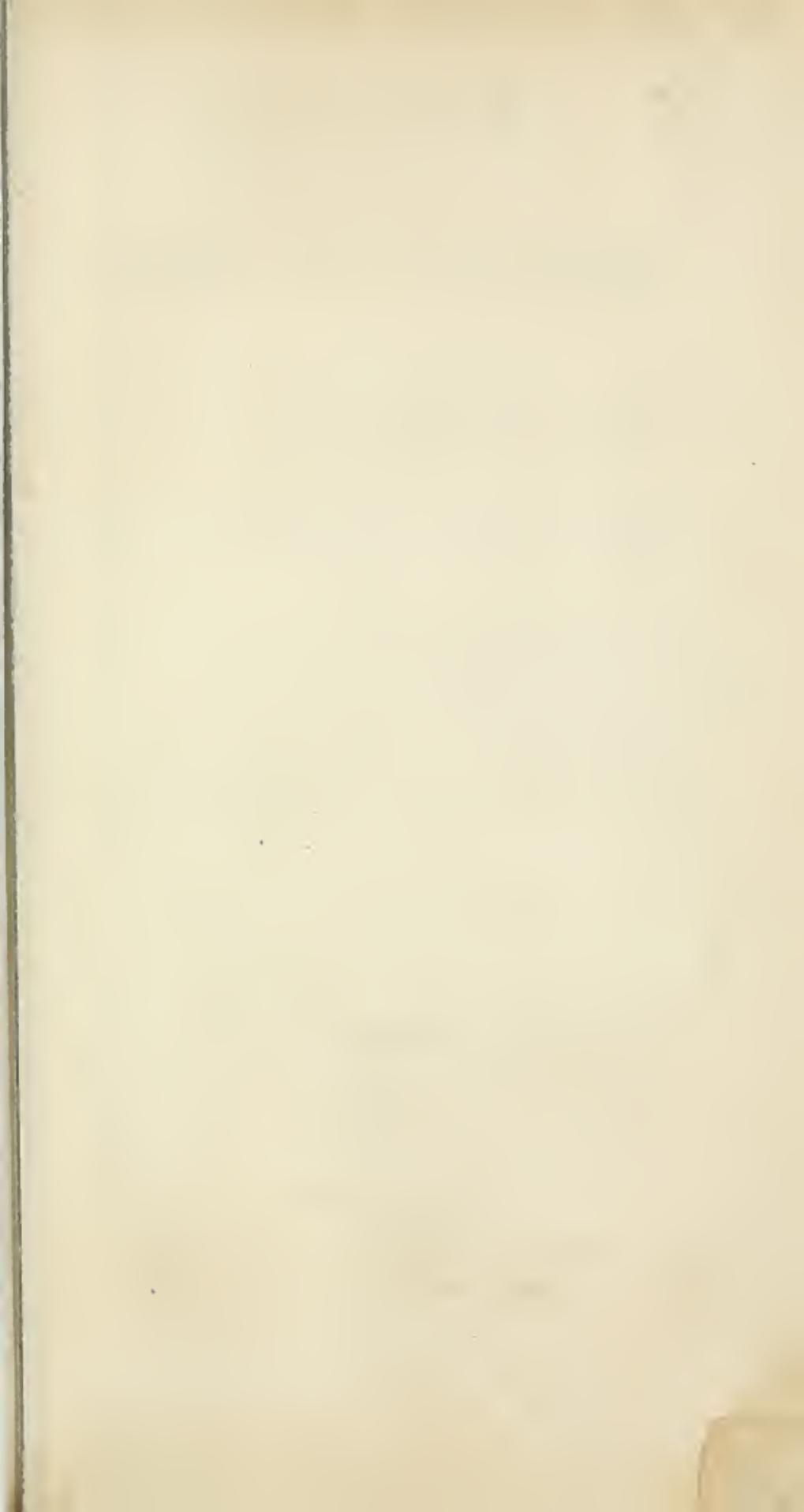
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Voice at D. J. April 21, 1851.

GUIDE

11

TO THE

WHITE MOUNTAINS

AND

LAKES OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE:

WITH

MINUTE & ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS

OF THE

SCENERY

1872

AND

OBJECTS OF INTEREST ON THE ROUTE:

CONTAINING ALSO

FULL AND CORRECT INFORMATION

RELATIVE TO THE

Towns, Hotels, Distances, Fares, &c.

CONCORD, N. H.:

PUBLISHED BY TRIPP & MORRIL, PRINTERS.

SOLD BY RUFUS MERRILL, BOOKSELLER.

1850.

TAU,

P R E F A C E.

THE object of the following pages is to acquaint the traveller with the curiosities and objects of interest lying on the usual routes from Boston to the White Mountains. The work aims also to supply all needful information concerning distances, fares, and hotels—matters more or less troublesome to all those unacquainted with the road. Such a work, it is believed,—dedicated solely to this purpose,—has not heretofore appeared.

It is but proper that fitting acknowledgement should be made of information and statistics gleaned from “Hayward’s New-Hampshire Gazetteer,” an invaluable work, but disqualified from the duties of a Guide Book by its necessary size. Other information has been gathered elsewhere, all contributing, it is hoped, to the accuracy and interest of the volume. Should trivial errors of omission or commission become apparent, the courteous reader will pardon them as incident to every first edition.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1850.

By E. B. TRIPP & W. H. MORRIL,
In the Clerk’s Office of the District Court of New-Hampshire

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G U I D E .

THE most direct and immediate of the two routes between Boston and the White Mountains is that passing through Concord, N. H. The Portland road being yet incomplete and traversing, for a long distance, an almost wilderness region, is subject to many inconveniences and to much fatigue that may be avoided upon the northern route. The objects of interest and curiosity are, moreover, far greater in the older settled section through which this road passes. Wherefore it will be by this route only that we shall endeavor to pilot the reader's way.

During the Summer season and Fall two *through* trains leave the Lowell Depot, in Boston, daily, for the Mountains : at 7:30, A. M., and 12, M. Passing the beautiful scenery around Boston they meet the banks of the Merrimack river at Lowell ; thence coasting along its side, through the towns of Nashua and Manchester, they reach the capitol of New-Hampshire.

Concord may afford interest sufficient to detain the traveller for a day, while he examines

the large and well conducted Prison of solid granite ; or the State-House of similar material, chaste in its design and perfect in its finish ; or the Asylum for the Insane, with beautiful grounds and a commanding site. Around the town are very pleasant drives skirting its ponds or the shores of the river. Not far from the village is erected a monument to the memory of some early martyrs to the " bloody salvages " who infested the region. Elsewhere is pointed out the location of an old fort ; and buildings, still tenanted, bear the marks of both ball and bullet.

There are three fine and commodious Hotels in Concord :—the Phenix, by A. C. PIERCE ; the Eagle Coffee House, by JOHN GIBSON, and the American House, by JOHN GASS. These are not anywhere excelled for the accommodations they afford the traveller or the conveniences they place around him. The most splendid coaches manufactured in the Union,—from the establishments of Messrs. J. S. ABBOT, or L. DOWNING & SONS, whose vehicles, in one form or another, thread every road from Canada to California,—run in connection with these Houses, conveying the traveller to and from the Depot.

The amount of railroad building, work, furniture, &c., here visible, is probably superior to any, in places of even twice its size, throughout the country. It is the depot of six or eight

distinct railways, and at the hours of ten and three, when the great trains, Northward and Southward, are made up, a scene of apparently irremediable confusion is presented to the spectator, not unfrequently adorned with quite novel and amusing incidents.

The traveller may proceed from Concord to the White Mountains by either the Montreal or Northern railways. Their hours of departure are the same and the time occupied in running is very similar. The regions through which they pass are however unlike. The Montreal road striking directly to the north touches Lake Winnipiseogee, and at Centre Harbor gives choice of two different roads to the Mountains. The Northern, passing Franklin, Lebanon and Hanover, at the latter place reaches the Connecticut river and there connects with the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad, which, conveying the traveller to Wells River, leaves him but a short ride by coach. We shall follow the plan, now very generally adopted, of going by one route and returning by the other, thereby affording a view of every thing upon both the roads.

The Montreal Railroad passes through scenery unequalled by any other. The traveller for pleasure, the idler, the *ennuyee*, might well imagine it constructed solely for his benefit;

and doubtless, through many years, its summer travel will go on increasing, as the beauty of country around becomes more generally known. Crossing the valuable intervale land, lying on the shores of the Merrimack, in sight of both the Northern and Claremont trains, which depart at the same time, and crossing, too, the Merrimack itself, the first stoppage occurs at

East Concord, a distance of about two miles. Near this spot, a few years past, many thousand dollars were expended in endeavoring to construct locks by which to render navigable the river obstructed by Sewell's Falls. The work progressed nearly to completion, and much splendid and massive stone work,—now dug away for railroad purposes,—was erected in the vicinity. In connection with this project it was in contemplation to dam the river at Sewell's Falls and create a new Manchester or Lawrence; for which purpose the river supplies ample motive power. That hitherto unconquered obstacle,—want of funds,—caused both plans to fail. Sometime in the future, perhaps, sounder and more enterprising capitalists may see fit to resuscitate, continue and complete the old project.

Canterbury is some ten miles from Concord. There is one station, of no note, at North Concord, between Canterbury and East Concord.

The only attraction that Canterbury contains is found in the settlement of Shakers there. This industrious and thriving community numbers about two hundred members. They occupy about fifteen hundred acres of land ; and possess, without doubt, the most productive gardens in the country. They have mill and various machinery moved by the water of an artificial stream. Their herbs, seeds, brooms and similar commodities are pretty generally known. The town itself is an old and long settled one, somewhat noted for the severity of Indian warfare it suffered or enjoyed in its infancy.

Northfield is three miles from Canterbury and thirteen from Concord. The fare is forty cents. Nothing remarkable or worthy of note will detain the traveller here.

Sanbornton Bridge lies five miles farther on. Before reaching it we cross the Winnipiseo-gee ; and find

Union Bridge,—four miles from Sanbornton Bridge, and twenty-two from Concord. For some distance after leaving Union Bridge we coast along the even shores of Sanbornton Bay —a sheet of water, in comparison with the Lake, puny and insignificant, but considered by itself beautiful and glorious. Here is the last stopping place before reaching

Meredith Bridge, five miles farther on. There is probably no town in the country more pleasantly or advantageously situated, possessing more attractions, or affording a more beautiful scenery, than this. There is in it a pond, adjoining Centre Harbor, about two miles long and one wide,—emptying into the lake, near the village. The waters of the Lake wash the boundaries of a great part of the town and the traveller, passing along the road, is presented with an exceedingly beautiful landscape near the upper or northwestern part of the town. There on the east and southeast is spread before him Winnipiseogee—the essence and spirit of inanimate beauty,—“The smile of the Great Spirit”—bearing its bosom, studded with islands and islets, of all sizes, of all shapes, and all appearances. To the northeast, Ossipee Mountain, rises boldly in view. On the north, Red Hill intercepts the prospect. On every side there is presented something new and attractive, rising seemingly by magic and demanding a closer scrutiny—a more prolonged inspection and stay than can be awarded them. Here are also first class Hotels, inviting the traveller to a delightful resting-place, during the warm season, as he journeys to the Lake or White Mountains. Mount Belknap, situated in the immediate vicinity of this village, is accessible by horses and carriages to nearly its summit. The view of the Lake and other

parts of the country adjacent, is second only to Mount Washington. Suitable teams for the mountain and steamboat, (which plies daily on the Lake,) and boats for excursions on the beautiful waters of the Lake and Bay, are always in readiness and furnished by the gentlemanly proprietors of the Hotels. Mr. WILLIAM WILLARD, proprietor of "Willard's Hotel," has newly fitted up and furnished, in a neat and substantial style, the well known and spacious house recently kept by Capt. John Tilton, and will spare no pains to make his house truly "a home for the tourist and traveller," and second to none in the country.

Lake Village,—a burgh of Meredith,—lies two miles only from the town. It is a pleasant spot and possessed of some manufacturing advantages.

Wiers is about four miles from Lake Village. It is at this spot that passengers for the Steamboat,—for Centre Harbor, Wolfborough and the Mountains, by way of Conway,—leave. The distance from Concord is thirty three miles, and the fare is one dollar. Imagining the traveller desirous of visiting the Lake and its environs we shall here leave the cars with him, continuing our trip northward, *via* Centre Harbor and Conway.*

* Passengers for the White Mountains, *via* Plymouth and Franconia Notch, desirous of continuing without stoppage, will remain in the cars.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

The steamer "*Lady of the Lake*," that runs in connection with the cars, was launched but a year ago, and looked upon by most as a hazardous experiment. We are pleased to say that she has proved a very successful one. Her draught is so small as to allow her a secure passage in waters comparatively shallow,—a fact the traveller may corroborate by looking over the sides as she lies at the pier. She was built at Lake Village, under the supervision of her Captain,—WM. WALKER, jr.,—expressly for the business she is now engaged in. She was carefully fitted up—is of a very fair speed—and in every respect worthy the confidence and patronage of the community. We need not assure the public that every courtesy and consideration will be extended it by the Captain and officers.

The distance from Wiers to Centre Harbor is estimated at about ten miles by water. The trip occupies about forty-five minutes. The scenery through which it passes is full of interest and beauty. The varying loveliness of the Lake, the singular diversity of islands, the changing forms of landscape from the hills beyond, all these are things calculated to strike the mind.

The Lake lies in the two counties of Carroll and Belknap. Its form is very irregular. At the west end it is divided into three large bays;

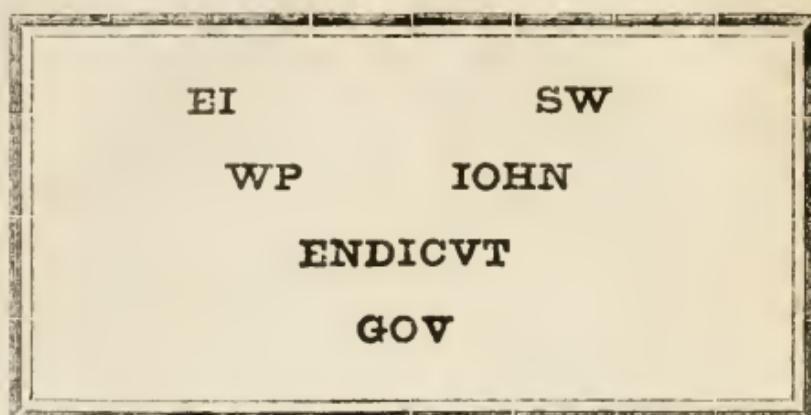
on the north is a fourth ; and at the east end there are three others. Its general course is from north-west to south-east ; its length is about twenty-five miles and it varies in width from one to ten miles. The Lake is environed by the pleasant towns of Moultonborough, Wolfborough, Tuftonborough, Centre Harbor, Meredith, Gilford and Alton, and overlooked by other delightful towns.

The waters of Winnipiseogee are remarkably pure and its depth, in some places, is said to be unfathomable. Its sources are principally from springs in its bosom. Its outlet is the rapid river of its own name. Its height, above the level of the sea, is four hundred and seventy-two feet. It is stored with a great variety of excellent fish ; and its unrivaled trout are famed far and near.

Like Casco Bay and Lake George it is said to contain three hundred and sixty-five islands, some of which comprise farms of from two hundred to five hundred acres. Chiefest among them is Cone Island, known for the Derby estates there located.

At the head of the river, near the Wiers, is situated the old "Endicott Rock," with its quaint carving and singular interest. It was discovered by accident a few years since, while endeavoring to erect a dam for the purpose of removing the steamer Belknap to winter quarters at Lake Village.

Accompanying is a copy of the inscription on the rock, which is a simple boulder of granite, about twenty feet in circumference.



It is supposed to commemorate a fact which may be abridged into the following: In 1652, during the administration of Gov. Endicott, the general court of Massachusetts, desirous of ascertaining more exactly the bounds of their colony, appointed Captains Edward Johnson and Simon Willard commissioners for the purpose of making a survey. The expedition which they headed reached this spot, where their Indian guides assured them the Merrimack had its head waters. The EI and SW are the initials of these two early surveyors, the WP is considered an abbreviation of worshipful—a by no means uncommon title for rulers and magistrates in those times. The remainder may signify that the expedition was during the administration of Worshipful Gov. John Endicott. Peace be with him!

Centre Harbor, with all its renown, is but a village of some two dozen houses, chiefest among which is the really large, handsome and commodious Hotel known as the "Senter House." It occupies a pleasant and commanding site—overlooking much of the Lake and its shores. The busy scene attendant upon the arrival and departure of the boat—with the unceasing crowd of company from all parts of New-England, attest its popularity. Every attention will be afforded the tourist by the gentlemanly proprietor, Maj. CURTIS COE.

The village is situated at the head of Lake Winnipiseogee, with Squam Lakes in its rear ; Red Hill rising at one side, Ossipee, Gunstock, and other lesser celebrities, in various directions around it.

The best view of the Lake and circumjacent scenery is doubtless from Red Hill. For the ascent, Maj. COE has always ready well trained ponies and carriages for conveyance to the foot of the hill. It is by no means difficult or dangerous to climb, and when once its summit is attained the adventurer will find himself amply rewarded for all his labor and fatigue. The top—an eminence of twenty-five hundred feet—is destitute of trees or bushes and affords an unimpeded view in every direction. In clear days the snowy tops of the White Mountains are dimly discernable in the far dis-

tance. The Ossipee Mountains appear in the east; in the northeast is Chocorua peak, and far away the Mountains of Maine show their heads. The Sandwich Mountains tower up in the north. In the southwest, Kearsarge and Monadnock are visible, with Gunstock, or Mt. Belknap, at their feet.

At the very foot of the hill, opposite to the direction by which we ascended, lies Squam Lake. This is by no means an inferior sheet of water, though surpassed by its rival. It is about six miles long and in its widest part three miles in width. Its waters flow in a contrary direction from those of the Winnipiseogee, although both ultimately sweep down the current of the Merrimack.

Winnipiseogee is, however, the beauty and the attraction of the spot—"a thing of loveliness forever." It has a look and semblance of harmony—a form and appearance of something more and more grand than it is. Its borders, now in full view, now dimly retiring from the eye, were formed by those flowing lines—those masterly sweeps of nature—from which art has derived all its apprehension of ease and grace; alternated at the same by the intrusion of points, by turns rough and bold, or marked with the highest elegance of figure. In the centre a noble channel spreads twenty-two miles before the eye, uninterrupted even by a bush or a rock. On both sides of this

avenue a train of islands arranged themselves, as if to adorn it with the finish which could be given only by their glowing verdure and graceful forms.

A trip to **Wolfborough** in the boat will amply repay the traveller for any expenditure he may be compelled to make therefor, whether of time or money. He will there find a large and convenient Hotel affording whatever delicacies there may be. The rides in the vicinity are well worth patronage, especially the one towards the old mansion of Gov. Wentworth—the last foreign ruler of New-Hampshire. It is, however, mainly for the scenery, thus most fully and minutely obtained, that we recommend the jaunt. The many objects of interest, which it would be in vain for us to attempt pointing out, will be readily explained by the officers of the boat.

As we have before said there are two routes for the traveller from Centre Harbor to the **WHITE MOUNTAINS**—the one by way of Plymouth, Franconia and Littleton; the other *via* Conway and the Notch.

On many accounts we are induced to prefer the latter: as it takes us to the mountains from the east, and *up* through the Notch; both which points, when attained, add beauty to the grandeur of the scenery. A railroad is in contemplation, if not in progress, from Centre Harbor

to Conway, and when completed this route will be beyond controversy preferable for the traveller to the Mountains from Boston.

The distance from Boston to Meredith Bridge by railroad is one hundred and ten miles ; from thence to Centre Harbor, is four miles ; from thence to Conway, thirty miles, and from Conway to the Notch is thirty miles farther, making an aggregate of one hundred and seventy-four miles from Boston—or one hundred miles from Concord. Pursuing this route we pass through Moultonborough, Sandwich, Tamworth, Ossipee and Eaton, to Conway.

In the trip to Conway we pass directly under Whiteface and Chocorua, two mountains of some celebrity in this vicinity.

Moultonborough, five miles from Centre Harbor, has the honor of containing Red Hill. Ossipee Mountain moreover extends into it, and on that part of the mountain which is within the limits of this town are two springs of some note : the one a mineral chalybeate spring, sovereign for cutaneous diseases ; the other, simply a spring of good cold water,—sovereign for thirstiness,—sixteen feet in diameter and through the centre of which the water, containing a quantity of fine white sand, is thrown up two feet. From this source flows a beau-

tiful stream which, about a mile below, has a perpendicular descent of about seventy feet. On its left side is a cave containing relics of Indian life.

Very many singular discoveries have been made in this town of old dirks, gun barrels, skeletons, and tumuli, corroborating the popular belief that here was formerly a favorite resort of the New-England or New-Hampshire tribes. A skeleton was exhumed in this town some thirty years ago, of almost fabulous proportions. It was buried in a sandy soil, on the shore of the lake, near the mouth of a small river. It was, apparently, the skeleton of a man some seven feet high—the jaw bones passing easily over the face of a large man. The Ossipee tribe of Indians resided here formerly ; and not long since there was standing a tree rudely sculptured with hieroglyphics of their history, adventures and expeditions.

Sandwich, a small rocky town, of little interest, is merely touched by the traveller in one corner, as he passes on to

Tamworth, nineteen miles from Centre Harbor. Thence coasting along the shores of Ossipee Pond, a beautiful sheet of water lying in the town of Eaton, after a drive of fourteen miles, he reaches

Conway. Here the traveller will find, at the Pigwacket House, kept by Col. JOHN HILL,

most perfect accommodations and comfortable quarters. Everything around the house is neat and pleasant. Horses and carriages are in readiness for a drive in any direction,—the brooks are stocked with trout and its forests abound in game.

There is also, in this town, a new Hotel, pleasantly located and built in a very superior manner. It is well divided into drawing rooms, parlors and chambers. Its accommodations are of the very best kind. There is connected with it a livery stable ; and the utensils for fishing and hunting can be had on short notice. We cannot advise the traveller,—fond of “the gentle sport,” as Izaak Walton quaintly hath it,—to a more agreeable thing than stopping here for a day while he visits the brooks in the vicinity.

The distance from Conway to the Mount Crawford House is twenty-three miles, and the road thither, though hilly and broken, affords some most charming landscapes.

North Conway, five miles farther on, lies in the valley of the Saco river, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains. Kearsarge, visible so far to the south, rises twenty-seven hundred feet, a few miles to the north.

Bartlett, ten miles from North Conway, is situated at the very foot of the mountains.

The scenery, growing gradually more broken, rough and majestic in this northern direction, here assumes its boldest and most marked features. Around, in every direction, there is visible one vast expanse of forest, broken only by the towering mountain peaks that shoot forth from it.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Eight miles progress from Bartlett, will conduct the traveller to the Mt. Crawford House. Six miles farther is the Willey House. At a distance of two miles is the "Notch." Four miles from here is the Mt. Washington House. Thus they are strung along for the distance of twelve miles.

There are seven principal peaks composing the White Mountains. The most northerly summit of the chain is situated in latitude $44^{\circ} 16'$ north. They stretch along from the Notch for a distance of about eight miles. Around the base and centre they are clothed in vast forests of various trees. The highest summits are bare and barren. The chiefest summits have an altitude nearly as follows :

Mount Washington,.....	6,226 feet.
Mount Jefferson,.....	5,657 "
Mount Adams,.....	5,759 "
Mount Madison,.....	5,415 "
Mount Monroe,.....	5,349 "
Mount Franklin,.....	4,850 "
Mount Pleasant,.....	4,715 "

Besides these there are many other minor peaks, of less note ; a visit to which, although well repaid, must depend very much upon the leisure, curiosity and energy of the tourist.

A description of the Mountains we shall not undertake to give—nor of the sensations induced by them—nor attempt a comparison with Chimborazo, Popocatapetl, Mont Blanc or Ben Nevis. These are a class of things necessarily omitted from a good Guide Book. Every individual sees through a pair of especially individual and unique eyes. The very form and color of a thing differs to different beholders. Our object is merely the minutiae and detail of travel—sufficient to render that travel agreeable and profitable.

An outline sketch, however, of the principal wonders in and around the mountains we may attempt, if not a description of the mountains themselves.

Among the first novelties of the spot, and most desired by the traveller, undoubtedly, is the ascent of Mount Washington—a feat of much apparent danger and much actual fatigue.

Of the various paths conducting to the summit we shall describe but one, and briefly convey an idea of the route, its wonders, and curiosities.

The path, at its commencement, is through a heavy growth of mountain ash, beech, birch,

fir, spruce and pine. These gradually dwindle into furze and stunted brush as the ascent continues. Mt. Clinton is the first summit attained, affording a view, inferior only to the loftier peaks that tower above it, and whose conquest is still before the adventurer. Leaving this elevation the track descends into the forest, crossed by several ravines, which are choked up by fallen trees and timber. Mt. Pleasant, which next towers up as an apparent obstacle to farther progress, is by no means difficult of ascension. Its summit is a smooth plain of some five or six acres extent, gently sloping away in every direction. The prospect from this position is superior to that from Mt. Clinton. Mt. Washington looms up in the north. In the northwest are the settlements in Jefferson. The Ammonoosuc is mapped out in the west. Fabyan's, and, at a still greater remove is Bethlehem. Moosehillock and the Haystacks are discoverable at the southwest. Nearly south is Chocorua. In the east there appears nought save boundless forests and an interminable horizon of gloomy mountains.

A zig-zag path leads down to the base of Mount Franklin ; at the bottom lies Red Pond, sparkling like a gem, set in granite ledges, whose abruptness is broken by the delicate red moss that covers and almost conceals it. Mt. Franklin is as easily ascended as any of its predecessors, but hardly repays the traveller as

well. Mt. Monroe is the only intervening peak between it and the king of these wastes, Mt. Washington. The scenery from Mt. Monroe—whether it be crossed between the peaks or by the more common route—is magnificent, grand and sublime. In one position there is a ridge contracted to a width of a very few feet, from whence there falls a sheer descent into the gulf below of between two and three thousand feet. The passage around the eastern part of the mountain leads over a narrow shelf of rock, one side walled up to the sky by solid rock, the other falling into a seemingly unfathomable abyss.

A short distance onward conducts to the foot of Mt. Washington. The spot is a plain of some extent, containing two ponds, one covering nearly three-fourths of an acre. Around its sides there is no vegetation to mar the clearness of the waters. In its depths there is no life. It is fed by springs bubbling forth even at this alpine elevation. Its outlet is to the westward, mingling with the waters of the Amonoosuc. The thirsty traveller may here refresh himself—with a liquid purer and sweeter than what oozes forth far down among the plains with the waters of the “Lake of the Clouds.”

Fifteen hundred feet of steep ascent remains to be conquered before the summit of Mt. Washington is attained. The distance over which it will be necessary to pass is about one

mile. The track here becomes more difficult and laborious and for a large part of the way lies among huge masses of loose rock and stones, sometimes partially covered with moss, and sometimes surrounded with small patches of grass. About half the way up there is a little grass plat, where the horses are usually left, though not unfrequently they attain the highest elevation. It abounds in mountain springs, that, besides preserving its verdure, is truly welcome and refreshing to both man and beast—wearied and worn by the ascent.

The view from the summit, however, amply compensates for all the fatigues and labor incident to its achievement. Beyond the scenery we have already described—the adjacent mountains, forests, rivers and streams, with the villages, slowly increasing in the southward—there is visible the Ocean, sixty-five miles distant, in the direction of Portland, the Katahdin Mountains of Maine at the sources of the Penobscot river, the Green Mountains of Vermont—and, far away, one hundred and twenty miles to the southwest, the peak of Mt. Monadnock.

Sunrise from this point is especially grand. The darkness and fog first observable—then the faint streams of light striving to penetrate it—the dim outlines of contiguous mountains—the increasing light—the mist growing gradually visible—then the more distant peaks,

and the tree tops far below, emerging slowly from the fog and floating, as islands, in the pure mist which conceals all else from view—with the final appearance of the sun marching up into the heavens,—makes a picture that words cannot represent and that painting cannot express—a picture that to be seen and felt and understood must be seen.

The most diligent search has hitherto failed in discovering any evidence of a volcanic origin for these Mountains. They are of decidedly primitive formation; standing probably to day as they have stood for ages and will stand for ages more. Minerals of value do not exist among them—or have not as yet been found—the Carbuncle of Hawthorne to the contrary, notwithstanding. The rock which most abounds is schistus, intermixed with green-stone, mica, granite, and gneiss. The three highest peaks are composed entirely of fragments of rock, heaped together in confusion, but firmly fixed in their situations. These rocks are an intermediate substance between gneiss and micaceous schistus; they are excessively rough, and coarse, and grey, almost black with lichens. The mica in them is abundant, of different colors: red, black and limpid; and though sometimes several inches in diameter, yet most often irregularly stratified. The granite contains emerald, tourmaline, of which are found some beautiful

specimens, and garnets, besides its proper constituents; crystals of quartz, pyrites, actinote jasper, porphyry, fluate of lime, and magnetic iron ore are sometimes obtained.

During the greater part of the year the mountain tops are covered with snow and ice, giving them a foreign alpine aspect—by no means unnatural to them.

Several streams of some note have their origin in the vicinage of the Mountains. The Amonoosuc and other branches of the Connecticut flow from the west; and the Androscoggin rises in the north; the Saco is in the east; and the Pemigewasset, originating near to the Saco, flows from the south.

THE NOTCH

Is an aperture or opening through the solid rock extending between two mighty cliffs for a distance of two miles. It must have been formed by some mighty agencies that builded the Natural Bridge of Virginia—that threw up Teneriffe, or that hollowed out the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and performed so many other similar superhuman exploits. The entrance of the chasm is formed by two perpendicular rocks—twenty-three feet apart; the one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. The mountain here cloven to its very roots, presents the only opportunity for the waters of the Saco to pursue their downward

path. Along the river's side sometimes hidden and again perceptible, the road from Littleton to Portland winds its way. The opening is however so exceedingly narrow that in many spots room sufficient for the road has been found with much difficulty.

THE SILVER CASCADE

Is one of the most beautiful of the many objects of interest in this interesting region. Its glories are not now such as they were years ago, but it still preserves sufficient to merit the title of beautiful. It has its origin about half a mile from the opening of the chasm and is first seen issuing from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and about two miles distant. The stream apparently slides rather than flows down a descent of almost perpendicular rock silvered with foam through its entire distance. It is however only after a rain storm of some violence that the cascade will meet the expectations of the traveller.

The White Mountains were explored by the settlers as early as 1632. They formed then, as they had before, to the aborigines and doubtless will hereafter to our descendants, a theme of wonder, curiosity and amazement. The Indian tribes had connected with them a host of strange legends and traditions. They be-

ieved them to be peopled with invisible beings. They imagined the loftiest peaks to be a kind of Indian Olympus on which the transatlantic Jupiter sat. They worshipped and offered sacrifices to them. The thunders and torrents and avalanches they deemed manifestations of the wrath of God, and the singular figure, by modern iconoclasts recognized simply as "The Old Man of the Mountain," they adored and revered as divine. Indeed, all those fancies of mysterious and invisible life—of unknown and indefinite divinity—of agencies, miraculous both in their source and effects, which obtain among barbarians and half civilized nations, prevailed here; modified, however, and marked by the peculiar character of the people and race entertaining them.

The name awarded them by their earlier visitors we can but consider preferable to the moniker they suffered. *Crystal Mountains* was the original appellation and as such they were alluded to in the works and records of that period.

HOTELS.

It is time that we should refer to the accommodations to be found in this wilderness portion of the land; for however romantic—however poetic and inspired the traveller may be, without comfortable quarters and a good table, his romance, poetry and inspiration will

speedily vanish. Even the sylphs who at twilight are charmed with melody and low whispers—apparently avoiding all things more substantial than “thin air”—at the dinner table have a palpable weakness for beef-steak and its accompaniments. We are gratified to think that at no one of the Houses located in this vicinity there will be found any fault on this score.

The Mount Crawford House, for many years celebrated as the residence of the venerable **ABEL CRAWFORD**, the pioneer of these regions, is now conducted by Mr. N. T. P. DAVIS. The ascent from this house is around the base of Mt. Crawford. The bridle path, conducting upwards is very fine, and has been carefully constructed. The proprietor has a stable full of choice ponies and horses, well calculated and adapted to either the road or the hill-side. There are great inducements for the traveller to pause here who has a taste for trout-fishing, the brooks in this vicinity being well stocked and easily accessible. Probably there is no spot affording better advantage for this sport than the “Crawford Farm.”

The “Mount Crawford House,” originally of somewhat contracted dimensions, has been gradually enlarged, by one addition after another, until it is now inferior in its accommodation to none. We can confidently recommend the

caveller to the care and courtesy of Mr. DAVIS, well assured he will want nothing that good taste, liberality, and a desire for the comfort of guests can secure.

The Willey House is located six miles beyond the Mount Crawford House. It stands upon the very spot rendered famous by the avalanche of years ago. The old building is still extant, but incorporated into the new one. The House stands on an old slide at the foot of a steep and almost precipitous rise, some two thousand feet high. The avalanche that overwhelmed the family of Mr. Willey in its ruins, and gave a mournful celebrity to the spot, occurred the 28th of August, 1826. The particulars of the catastrophe have been too often published to demand reiteration. Those acquainted with the incidents can easily learn them at the Hotel.

This House has been recently leased and fitted up in a superior style by Mr. JOHN CONOR. No expense has been spared to render it suitable for the accommodation of guests; and they must indeed be fastidious who are not there satisfied. The table is supplied with all things edible that are found at any hotel and with such additional luxuries as can be procured.

The ascent to Mt. Washington is made from here by Mr. T. J. Crawford's path, and

may well compete in ease and comfort as well as beauty and picturesqueness with any of the others. There is always on hand a very choice stable of ponies for the mountain, and very fine horses for the road. We may add that the guides of the Willey House are noted for their courtesy and intelligence.

The proprietor has been making recent improvements in his house and now offers to the public such advantages as cannot fail to secure a goodly amount of patronage.

The Notch House is situated, as its name indicates, at the Gap of the White Mountains. It is scarcely a stone's throw from the entrance, and occupies a position inferior to none, whether considered in relation to its scenery, its safety, or its advantages for travel. The Post Office is also located here. Mr. T. J. CRAWFORD is the proprietor, and will be found at all times prompt to contribute to the pleasure or accommodation of his patrons. To maintain the popularity of his situation, and keep up with the times, he has been recently engaged in enlarging and improving his house. It is now inferior to none in the advantages of location, or in those other advantages arising from taste and skill properly exercised. There is a very fine bridle path leading over the mountain summits to Mt. Washington—in some respects, perhaps, superior to most of

he others. There are, also, trusty and sure-footed ponies, and guides not to be surpassed in their vocation.

The proprietor, Mr. Crawford, offers every inducement to the traveller that can be expected: and we feel confident that his promises will be redeemed.

The Mount Washington House is kept by HORACE FABYAN. It is located upon the west side of the mountain ridge, five miles from the base of Mount Washington and eight miles from its summit. It contains about a hundred rooms, new, light and airy, the majority erected during the last two years.

The ascent from this house to Mt. Washington we have already described. It is carefully constructed and full of interest. The return-path, from the summit to the house, is different, and the adventurer thus secures a most delightful trip, during all which he never looks upon the same object twice, from the same point. From the balcony of the house those fearful of the danger, or unequal to the fatigue of climbing the mountains, may with a good glass, (which is always on hand) watch the ascent of their friends, as they pursue their serpentine progress, winding through defiles and over hill tops, sometimes invisible but generally in sight.

There is, in this vicinity, an object well

worthy of being visited—the “Upper Ammonoosuc Falls,” situated about four miles to the east of the house. A bridle-path, through a very beautiful scenery, leads to them. They consist of two falls about a quarter of a mile apart, and, without the grandeur or sublimity or celebrity of Niagara, they possess, in miniature, all the features that render attractive, that famous resort. The peculiar formation of the cliffs, at this spot, cannot fail of exciting the attention of the visiter. There are, also, singular excavations in the solid rock here visible, of a circular form, varying in width from three inches to fifteen or twenty feet, and in depth from one to twenty-five feet. They are known by the name of “pot-holes,” and occur elsewhere, less markedly however, in the rivers of the State. They are formed by the wearing of loose rocks moved by the water, ceaselessly round and round, until swept away or worn out. There are, also, the “Lower Ammonoosuc Falls,” about a quarter of a mile from the house; of less note than the Upper, but still grand, beautiful and attractive.

Just in front of the Hotel is a singular tumuli or pile of earth and stone known as the “Giant’s Grave.” It is three hundred feet long, seventy-five wide, and fifty feet high. Old story reports it to be the burial place of one of a race which lived in the times of the Saurians and Mastodons—men in stature

equal to the loftiest pine, and of a prowess infinitely greater than Achilles or Arthur.

One of the most startling as well as pleasing phenomenon to be found in this vicinage is the *echo*, or rather series of echoes, given to any loud noise. The firing of a cannon or blowing a bugle calls it out most distinctly. Either of these things will be readily done by Mr. FABYAN at the request of the visiter. The best time for this display is about sunset. In reply to the call, seven separate echoes are audible, each one distinct and varying from the others. No adequate idea of this peculiar melody can be conveyed by mere words. It is necessary that it should be heard—and, once heard, it will never be forgotten.

There are many other places of interest in this vicinity, all easily accessible, which render it a desirable stopping-place for the traveller. The courtesy of Mr. Fabyan and his assistants increases the attraction of the spot, and we feel confident that the most entire satisfaction will be experienced by the visiter who tarries here.

The return route from the White Mountains southward, *via* Plymouth and the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, passes through the towns of Bethlehem, Franconia, Lincoln, Woodstock, Thornton, and Campton to Plymouth. On this route is situated much of the most interesting scenery of the mountains,

and many of the most celebrated curiosities. From Franconia it coasts along the shores of the Pemigewasset branch of the Merrimack, affording, beyond the observable and described beauties, an agreeable and pleasant ride.

Bethlehem is located twelve miles from the Mount Washington House. The Amonoosuc river flows through it, and it boasts of two mountains—Round and Picked—of no inconsiderable size. It possesses fine trout brooks, dashing furiously down the steep mountain sides, that are much and successfully visited by anglers from all parts of New-England.

Franconia, or rather that portion of Franconia known as the Iron Works, is distant five miles from Bethlehem. Franconia Notch is farther by five additional miles. The Iron Works are supplied from a rich vein of granular magnetic iron ore, located now in the town of Lisbon. This vein has been opened and wrought forty rods in length and one hundred and forty-four feet in depth. The ore is blasted out. The mine is wrought open to daylight, and is but partially covered to keep out the rain. The first miners, ignorant of any other method of discovering the veins than such as the pick-axe afforded, wasted much labor and expense in fruitless search. At one place they cut a gully one hundred and twenty

ty feet long into the solid granite ; and at another there is a similar cut, seventy-one feet in length. Many curious and remarkable caverns have thus been formed in the rocky hill-sides.

Numerous interesting minerals have been brought to light, and may be found among the rejected masses which have been thrown out. The most abundant and interesting are a deep brownish red manganesian garnet, crystalized and granular epidote, prismatic and bladed crystals of hornblende, &c. At

Franconia Notch and in its vicinity, are many of the greatest curiosities to be found in this Northern region. Here is Mt. Lafayette or the Great Haystack ; Mt. Jackson, on which is the " Old Man of the Mountain ;" Ferrin's Pond, the source of the middle branch of the Pemigewasset river ; the Basin, and the Flume.

Mount Lafayette, or the Great Haystack, is a lofty conical mountain of granite, situated to the southeastward of the village of Franconia. It is in height but seven hundred feet less than Mt. Washington, yet far more difficult of ascent. The view from its summit is full of interest, and has been by many pronounced not inferior to that from its loftier rival. A very rude, and in some places absolutely dangerous, foot-path, has been cleared

for a greater part of the way to its top. It is indeed little better than no path at all. If the landlords of the village were to consult their own interests it would not long remain so.

About midway up the mountain is belted with a forest of small spruce trees, beyond which are ledges and detached rocks of granite, the loose blocks of which are generally angular. The vegetation near the top is similar to that on Mt. Washington. Blueberries, mountain cranberries, and harebells, abound amid the crannies of the rocks, but no forest trees grow near the summit.

The Old Man of the Mountain is a profile of the human face, of which every feature is delineated with wonderful exactness, situated on a peak of solid rock, one thousand feet in height, and almost perpendicular. It is a part of Mt. Jackson. It was discovered but about forty years ago, when laying out the road that passes it, and is now indicated to the traveller by a guide-board directing his gaze thitherward.

The profile is produced by the irregular jutting out of five blocks of granite, which project in a manner to give the present appearance. It has the semblance of an old man looking over the valley beneath, and its likeness to a human face is so wonderful and life-like as to be regarded an object of wonder and admiration by all who see it.

It is said that the view of the profile is lost when the mountain is approached, as it is also by a considerable change in the point of view on the road ; the best spot to see it to advantage being where the guide-board directs the traveller's attention to it.

Various traditionary tales are related of it, and of the superstitious homage paid to it by the aboriginal inhabitants. Relics of Indian life, and singular utensils of a former day, have been found near it. There is on Mt. Lafayette a singular stone of a large size and unusual form, located on a most inaccessible point of the mountain, and termed by its discoverers the "ALTAR," from its resemblance to the old Runic remains of a similar character. It is based upon a granite pile and seemingly intended for the purpose of sacrifice. Rude letters of the arrowhead class are conjectured to have been formerly legible upon it, at present dim and indistinct. It has visible, however, on the sheltered side, a rough picture of the sun or moon with attendant carvings that cannot be recognised. It is well worthy of a visit.

The profile is sixty feet in length, from forehead to chin, and somewhat worn by the action of the elements. It is above the Notch proper and in close vicinage to GIBBS' HOTEL, a fine resting-place for the traveller, and worthy of competing with the more noted houses of the Notch. We are assured that the gen-

tlemanly landlord will contribute all that is in his power to the gratification and pleasure of his guests.

Ferrin's Pond is a beautiful collection of water, bordered by grass and waving trees, deep and blue and crystal in its appearance. It is well stocked with fish and also worthy of a visit.

The Basin is a deep excavation in granite, which has been formed by the continual action of the falling waters of the Pemmasawasset, aided by the whirling and grinding action of boulders of rock, swept into the cavity by the stream. The diameter of this rocky basin is about thirty by forty feet; its circumference about sixty feet; and its depth appears to be in such proportion as to form a deep bowl, which is always filled to the brim with the most pelucid and cold water. On one side the rocks jut over the brim of the basin, forming a beautiful grotto beneath, while the embankment covered with green moss and wild wood flowers, present a pleasant contrast to the foaming cascade, which rushes down the broken surface of the rocks.

The Flume is about one mile distant and three quarters of a mile from the main road, on the left hand as you go from Franconia.

A narrow path, through the woods, conducts the traveller to the spot. On the way he must however, cross several small streams, on fallen trees, which are the only bridges there, and walk in a shallow sheet of water, which rushes swiftly down a smooth inclined plane of granite. It is therefore, advisable always to proceed on foot.

The Flume is a deep chasm, having mural precipices of granite on each side, while a mountain torrent rushes through its midst, falling over precipitous crags and loose masses of rock. During the freshets of the spring season, and in early summer, it is not possible to walk in the bed of the flume, but in the dryest season of the year, there is little water in it, and the bottom of the ravine affords a good foot-path.

This fissure appears to have resulted not from the abrasion of the rocks by the action of running water but to have been produced originally by a fracture of the uplifted rocks.

One of the most remarkable objects in the Flume is an immense rounded block of granite, which hangs over head, supported merely by small surfaces of contact against its sides. It appears to the traveller, looking at it from below, as if ready to fall upon him.

The trunk of a fallen tree crosses the top of the ravine, and affords a natural bridge to adventurous persons, who rejoice in the feat

of crossing so narrow a foot-path, suspended so high in air. It is, however, an attempt fraught with too much danger and attended with too little benefit to attract those unaccustomed to feats of the kind. The whole length of the Flume is eight hundred and thirty feet ; that of the cascade six hundred and sixteen feet. A wilder or more striking view is not perhaps to be obtained in any other part of our land.

The Pool is located midway between the Basin and the Flume. It is about three quarters of a mile from the Flume House, and thirty rods from the road. It is but a small body of water and is completely walled in, on all sides by rocky cliffs. At the south there is a slight opening through which the waters dash in their swift egress. It is a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet from the brink of the wall to the surface of the agitated waters below. The extent of the Pool is inconsiderable, being but about sixty feet wide and forty feet deep ; its beauty, however, is in no proportion to its size.

These attractions, the Profile, the Basin, the Flume, and the Pool, may be deemed sufficient to detain the traveller for a while in their vicinity. Should such be the case we may recommend him either to the Lafayette House, kept by Mr. GIBBS, near the former cu-

riosity, and which we have already mentioned ; or to the Flume House, in Lincoln, well worthy of patronage, and which will certainly give satisfaction.

Woodstock, twenty-one miles north from Plymouth, and sixty-two from Concord, is without any special attraction. It is ten miles from thence to

Thornton. This town like the former is devoid of any striking peculiarities which would be likely to interest or detain the traveller. There is, however, a cascade in the place, where the water has a perpendicular descent of forty-two feet, in the spring season often worthy of a visit—and two or three mineral springs.

Campton is but ten miles from Plymouth. It derived its name from the early surveyors having located a *camp* there in their expeditions thither when surveying Campton and Rumney.

Plymouth is a pleasant village of from twelve to fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Boston, and fifty-two from Concord by railway. It is, moreover, the present terminus of the Montreal Railroad.

In Plymouth there is a beautiful scener from PROSPECT MOUNT. Winnipiseogee and Squam Lakes are visible in the south. The green banks and pleasant waters of the Pemigewasset and Baker's rivers lie to the north and westward. The mountain is, moreover, easily accessible and but a short distance from the Hotel.

Baker's river takes its name from one captain Baker, who led a company of men thus far from Haverhill, Mass., and in a contest with the Indians totally defeated them. They had formerly a settlement at the mouth of this stream, where graves and bones have been found, with gun-barrels, stone mortars, pestles and other utensils.

The "Pemigewasset House," by D. R. BURNHAM, has been this year greatly enlarged and improved. It is now truly a first class house, both in respect to its size and its many excellent qualifications for giving satisfaction to the traveller. It is pleasantly located on a swell of land near the railroad depot. The stages leave here for all the country about. In connection with the House is a fine livery stable, where carriages may be procured for any distance and any direction. The traveller desirous of obtaining the best views on the road from Plymouth to the Notch cannot do better than procure a private carriage at this spot and progress leisurely onward.

Bridgewater is three miles from Plymouth. It contains a beautiful sheet of water, known as Newfound Pond, in the western part. It is well adapted to grazing but without particular interest.

Holderness is the next station, five miles beyond Plymouth. It has many beautiful ponds and lakes, along some of which the road winds its way. The town is visible from the cars.

Meredith Village, thirteen miles from Plymouth, is a place of some size and note. A beautiful view of Lake Winnipiseogee is obtained just before entering it. There is, also, a short distance from the town, and bordering the railroad track, a scarcely inferior prospect of the silver waters of Lake Wocwocowona, or Measley Pond. It has an outlet into the larger Lake. Meredith Village may be seen from the cars.

Weirs is four miles beyond Meredith Village, seventeen from Plymouth, and thirty-three from Concord. It was at this spot we left the cars on our way upward. The "Lady of the Lake" has her pier at this spot from whence she visits Centre Harbor and Wolfboro'.

The route from this spot to Concord we have previously described, and will therefore refer the reader to the first pages of the Guide.

White Mountains by the Northern Route.

Through trains, by this route, leave Concord for the Mountains at $10\frac{1}{2}$, A. M., and 3, P. M., daily. The distance to be travelled, by cars, is one hundred and nine miles, and by stage thirty-eight miles. After leaving Concord the cars pass through West Concord to

Fisherville, a manufacturing village, rapidly increasing in population and importance. At this place the Contoocook river is crossed and also Dustin's Island—celebrated for the escape of a Mrs. Dustin from the Indians. The Merrimack river was twice turned from its channel here, at a great expense, to facilitate the construction of the road. The traveller may observe its former bed as he passes onward to

Boscawen, three miles from Fisherville. To this spot and for some distance farther the road is in the valley of the Merrimack river, affording a beautiful scenery to the traveller.

North Boscawen,—merely a local station,—is four miles farther. It is [five miles from there to—

Franklin. There is a branch of the road extending from here to Bristol, a distance of thirteen miles, stopping at Hill, seven miles from Franklin. **BRISTOL** is a thriving little

village with superior advantages for manufacturing, as yet unemployed. At Bristol there is a fine depot, near the lower part of the town and in sight of the Falls.

Franklin is a pleasant village and the station an important one. The road between Franklin and Grafton is exceedingly circuitous —almost forming a half circle; so constructed in order to avoid the ragged mountains between Andover and Hill. The road here leaves the valley of the Merrimack, and has its first station at

East Andover, six miles from Franklin. It is for local passengers merely and without interest.

Andover is ten miles from Franklin. It is quite a pretty little village, but without particular attractions.

Potter Place is two miles from Andover. This station accommodates many from the villages and towns in its rear.

West Andover is one mile further; from whence it is six miles to

Danbury. The train stops here for a short time affording the traveller sufficient time to obtain a view of Kearsarge Mountain, rising

village and under existing circumstances the depot of considerable trade. Stages leave here for all directions, among others for the White Mountains, thirty-eight miles distant. At

Littleton there is a fine Hotel,—the “White Mountain House,” kept by Mr. H. L. THAYER. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient stopping-places to be found anywhere on the route. It has been fitted up in the most modern style, regardless of expense, and everything desirable or usual in hotels is there found. It is located in a pleasant village, on the direct route to the Mountains and but a few miles from Franconia Notch. Its proprietor is gentlemanly and courteous—attentive to the wants and comfort of his guests. We do most heartily recommend all travellers to the “White Mountain House.”

The Mountains we have already described, and therefore refer the reader to the pages previous. The distance from Concord to the White Mountains, by this route, is one hundred and forty-seven miles.

ERRATA.—On 16th page, 6th line from top, for “four” read *fourteen*—the distance from Meredith Bridge to Centre Harbor. 9th line from top, for aggregate read 184 miles instead of 174.

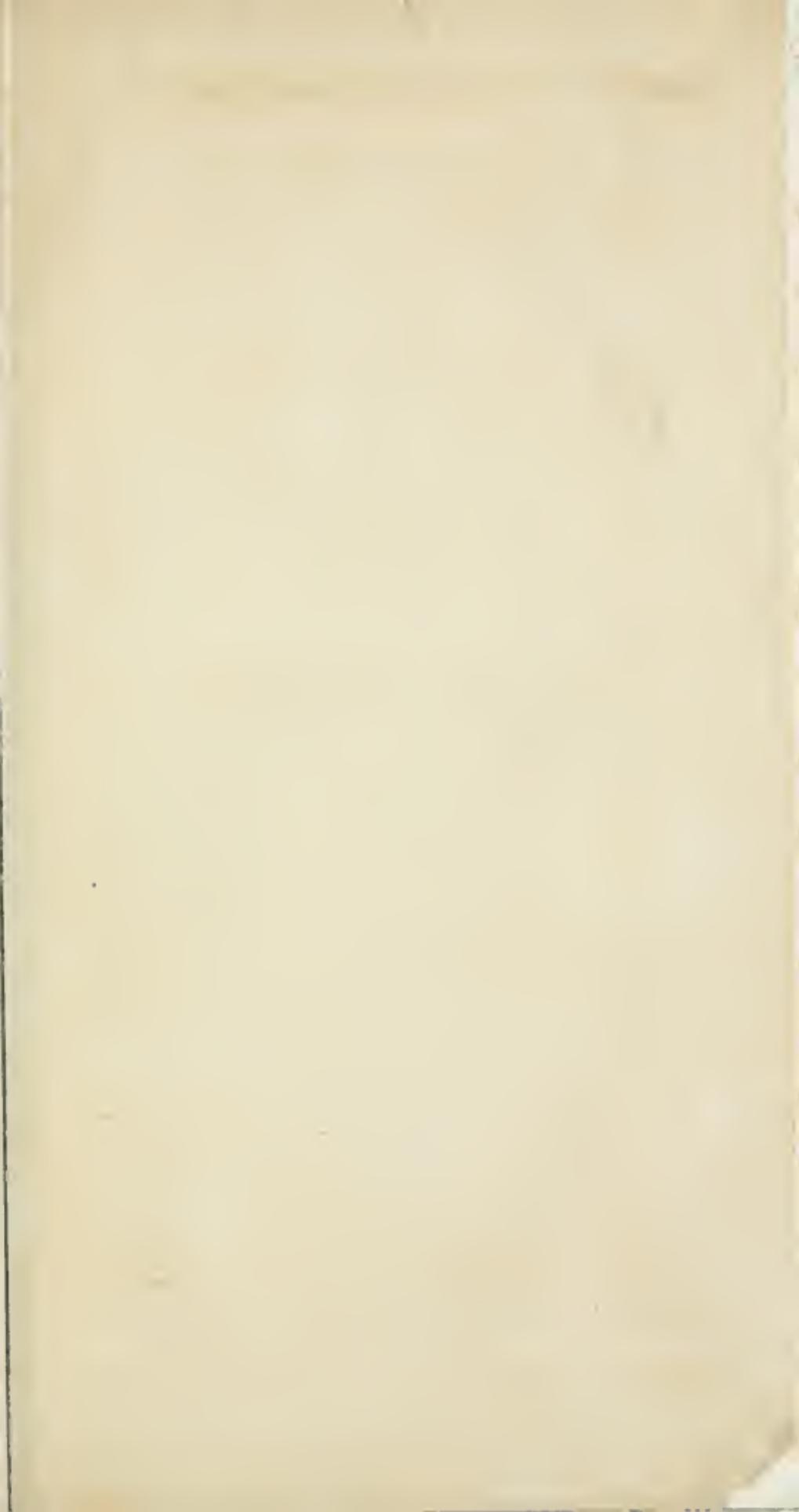
Montreal Railroad.

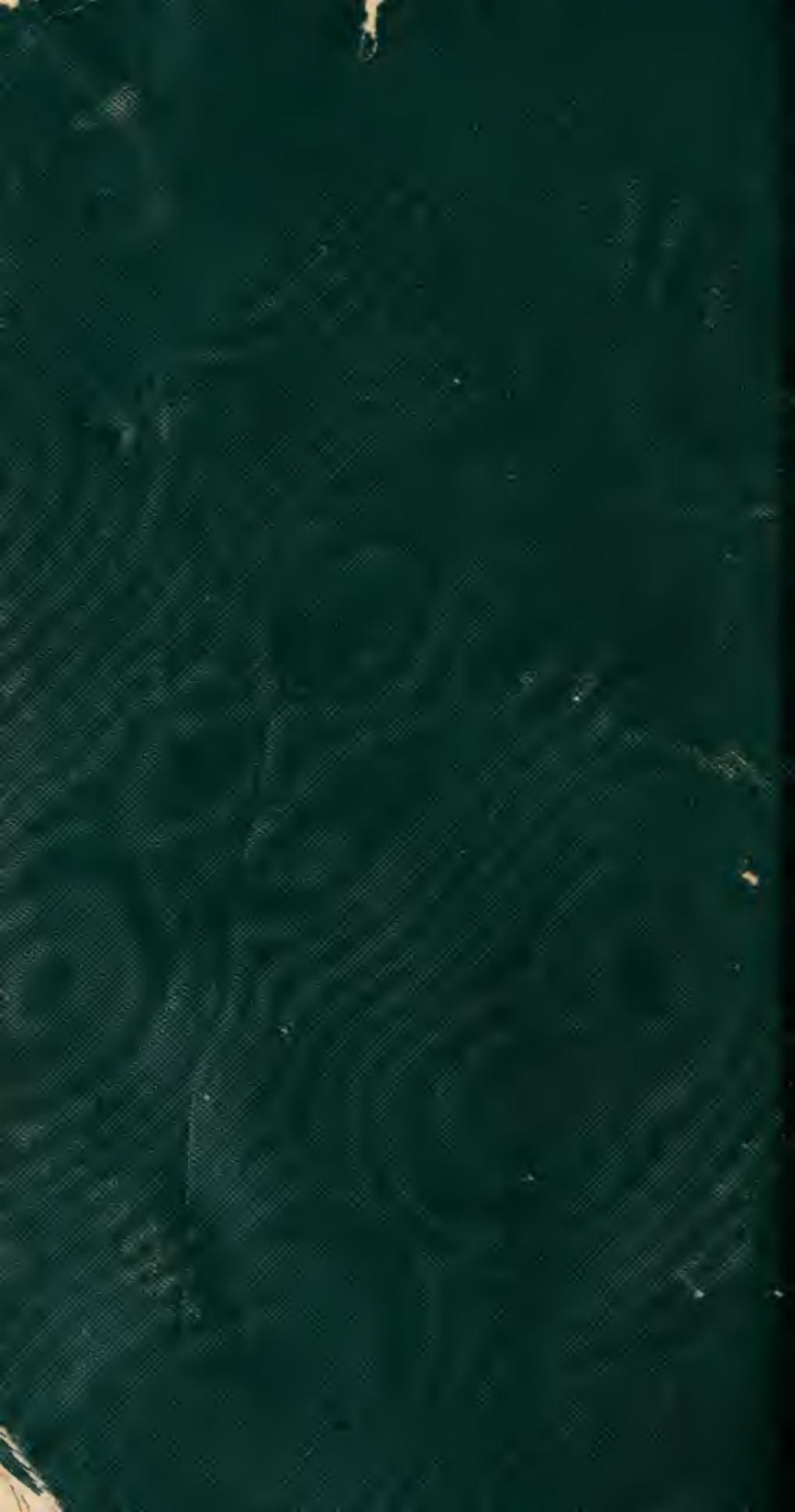
Ms.		FARE.	TIME.	BOSTON.
			h. m.	miles.
0	CONCORD,			73 miles.
2	East Concord,	10	05	75
5	North Concord,	20	13	78
10	Canterbury,	30	25	83
13	Northfield,	40	33	86
18	Sanbornton Bridge,	55	50	91
22	Union Bridge,	65	58	95
27	Meredith Bridge,	80	1 09	100
29	Lake Village,	90	1 15	102
33	Wiers,	100	1 30	106
37	Meredith Village,	110	1 45	110
41	Fogg's Road,	120	1 55	114
45	Holderness,	130	2 10	118
47	Bridgewater,	140	2 18	121
50	Plymouth,	150	2 25	124

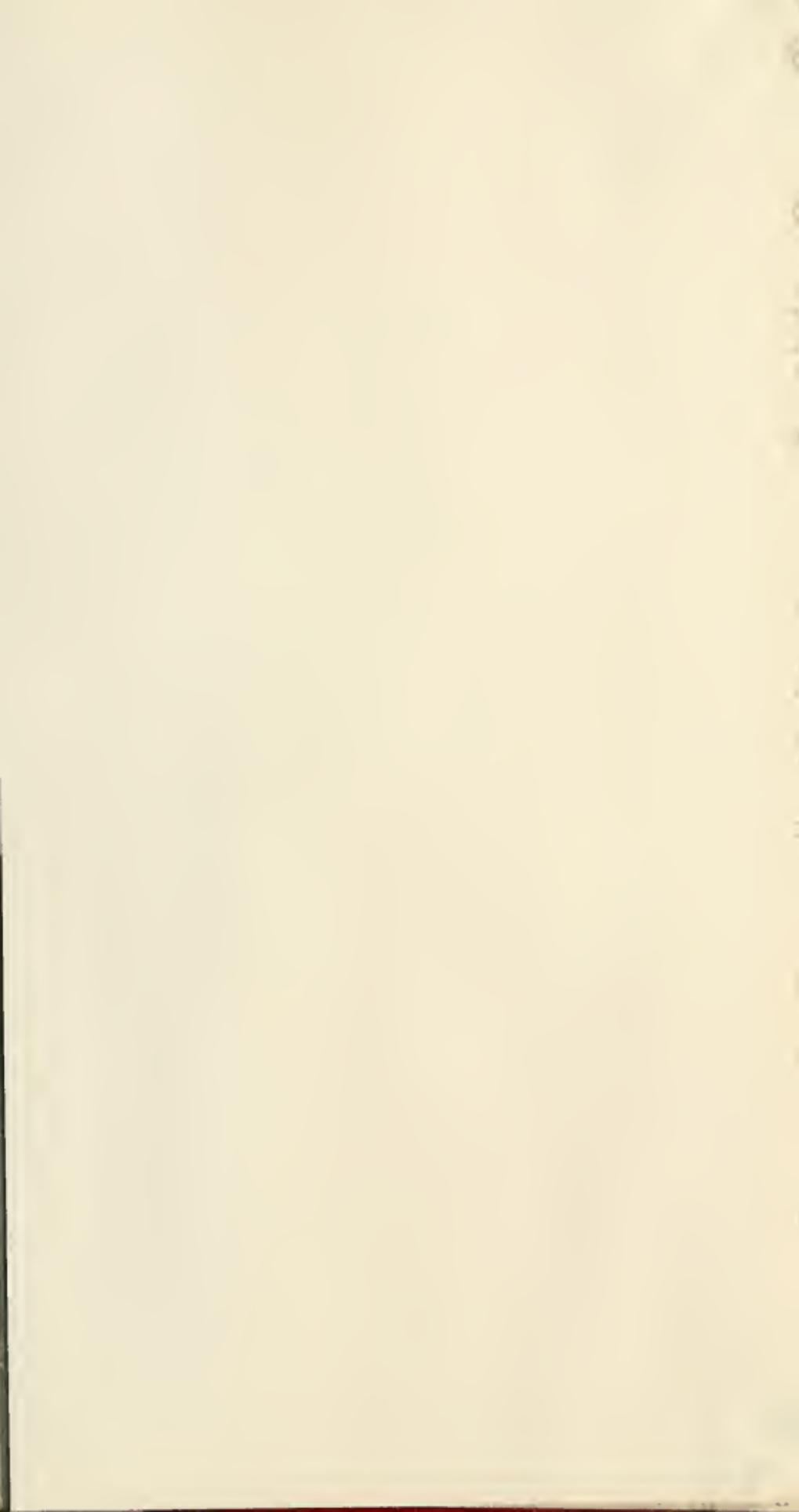
Northern & Connecticut Road.

Ms.		FARE.	TIME.	BOSTON.
			h. m.	miles.
0	CONCORD,			73 miles.
3	West Concord,	10	06	76
7	Fisherville,	20	15	80
10	Boscawen,	30	22	83
19	Franklin,	55	42	92
25	East Andover,	75	58	98
30	Andover,	85	1 13	103
33	West Andover,	90	1 18	106
39	Danbury,	110	1 33	112
44	Grafton,	125	1 44	117
52	Canaan,	150	2 13	125
59	Enfield,	170	2 31	132
61	East Lebanon,	180	2 37	134
65	Lebanon,	190	2 47	138
69	West Lebanon,	200	2 57	142
00	WHITE RIVER,	000	00	000
74	Norwich,	210	12	147
79	Ompompanoosuc,	230	25	152
83	Thetford,	245	38	156
86	North Thetford,	255	44	159
91	Fairlee,	270	56	164
97	Bradford,	290	1 15	170
104	Newbnry,	310	1 33	177
109	Wells River,	325	1 45	182

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